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## Choice Loetry.

-A SURPRISE.

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away; Kiss her! and leave her!—thy love is clay!" They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair; Over her eyes, which gazed too much. They drew the lids with a gentle touch With a gentle touch they closed up well. The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell; About her brows and beautiful face. They tied her yell and her marriage-lace; And drew on her white feet her white silk shoe Which were the whitest, no eye could choose! And over her bosom they crossed her hands: "Come away!" they said... "God understands. And then there was Slience—and nothing there But the Silence—and scent of eglantere, And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary: And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!" And they held their breath as they left the ruom, With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom But he who loved her too well to dread. The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead-He lit his lamp, and took the key," And turned it !—Alone again—he and she! He and she; but she would not speak, Though he kiased, in the old place, the quiet cheek. He and she; yet she would not smile. Though he called her the name she loved crewbile He and she; still she did not move To any one passionate whisper of love. Then he said: "Cold lips! and breast without bre Is there no voice I—no language of death! "Dumb to the ear and still to the sense, But to heart and soni distinct—intense? 

"Was it the infinite wonder of all, That you ever could let life's flower fall "Or was it a greater marvel to feel The perfect calm o'er the agony steal? "Was the miracle greatest to find how deep, Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep "And was it the innermost heart of the bliss, To find out so, what a wisdom love is? Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most dear! I hold the breath of my soul to hear! "I listen: as deep as to horrible hell, As high as to heaven—and you do not tell! "There must be pleasure in dying, Sweet, To make you so placid from bead to feet! "I would tell you, Darling, if I were dead, And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed. "I would say, though the angel of death had laid His sword on my lips, to keep it unsaid. "You should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes. Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise. "The very strangest and anddenest thing Of all the surprises that dying must bring." 

Ah! feelish world! Oh! most kind Dead! Though be told me, who will believe it was said! Who will believe that he heard her say. With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way !-

picasant persuasion will not do; I shall be forced to resort to a harsher method. Now, listen,

ed to resort to a harsher method. Now, listen, one and all, while I assure you that the first schelar, old or young, miss or master, young gentleman or lady, whom I shall see whispering without leave, I will fernle!"

The teacher, Mr. Arthur Stone, ciosed his bearded lips firmly, and glanced about the old-fashioned school-room with a determined expression, as he ceased speaking. He vidently meant just what he said—meant it in the faces of the stent, stalwart young gentlemen, and the pretty, witching, bright-syed girls about him. For a moment there was a dead silence upon all, while moment there was a dead silence upon all, while every eye was fixed upon the handsome, resolute face of the teacher. But in the little crowd of eager upturned faces, there was but one which his eye sought, intuitively drawn as it were, by his eye sought, intuitively drawn as it were, by some atrange, mesmeric power. One face, and one at that moment which was a pretty picture of piquant beauty, with its sancy, inquisitive blue eyes, which met his own fully and daring, its atrawberry-red month pursed up by the most provoking and daring of smiles, that said, as plainly as words could have said it—"You won't ferule me, Arthur Stone, if I whisper ever so

A sudden flash of anger reddened up into the cheeks of the young man, and shot from the depths of his fine gray eyes, as he said, deter-minedly, in answer to the smile of the red mouth and blue eyes, and the toss of the dainty head:

"I repeat it; I will ferule the first scholar whom
I see whispering without leave."
This time there was no mistaking it; there
was a perceptible motion of Anna Hawkes' pretty head, an unmistakable light is her eyes, and
a whole, unbroken sentence wreathed about the
curve of her line as she toward caralessly to her curve of her lips, as she turned carelessly to her book, "You can ferule me if you choose," she

"And I certainly will." was the silent reply of the young man, confident the while that she would not allow him an opportunity of putting his threat in execution. But he was ill at ease,

the young man, confident the while that she would not allow him an opportunity of putting his threat in execution. But he was ill at ease, as he turned moselly to the arithmetic class from an execution. But he was ill at ease, as he turned moselly to the arithmetic class from an expected course, and whatever he might do, he could not better them. There was but one way for him. He must put a stern face upon the matter. He must maintain his dignity as a teacher, even if he was obliged to thrust roughly aside his own wheles and inclinations. Amus Hawkes—pleasant, witching, graceful ansa—the one bright start that threw so much light upon his ardnous, tiresome duties; the warm, hearted gird who had grown nearer and dearer to dared hope, silently, yet carnestly, that sand and the control of the c

The dread alarm had came with such a sudden distinctness as to surprise him into an involuntary start. Every pair of eyes in the school-room were turned inquiringly and curiously to his face. He was forced into doing his duty. The heavy beard about his mouth was friendly to him then, for it covered a suspicious paller that settled there, as he turned about and rested his eyes steinly upon the blushing, piquant face of Anna Hawkes. She was the picture of innocence just then, with her brown lashes drooping low upon her cheeks, and the pearly white teeth crushed cruelly down upon the crimson of her lips.

whose advancement I have felt a lively interest, should, by so plaring a misdemeanor, such an utter contempt of my wishes, avows a disregard for me as a teacher and a friend. Such a display is unpleasant enough if a mere child willfully breaks the rules of a school, but when instead a young gentleman or lady so far forgets him or herself, it is intensely painful. I assure you that I deeply regret this."

I deeply regret this."

Anna bowed gracefully as Mr. Stone ceased speaking. Again her white teeth were dented into her lip, while the brown lashes trembled close upon the deep burning red of her checks.

"Your hand, if you please."

The little white hand was reached forth as

"Your hand, if you please."

The little white hand was reached forth as though it were to receive a caress instead of a blow. As it lay so tenderly and trustingly upon the broad palm of the teacher, he inwardly cursed his stars. He called himself a brute, a tyrant, a monster. He had a mind to get down upon his knees and pray for a big-monthed earthquake to come and swallow him; for a sudder tlash of lightning (in the winter time) to melt him into nonentity; for a whirlwind to sweep him with its rapid rushing winds from off the face of the earth. Strike that little dimpled hand with a cruel two-inch rule! He had rather cover, ay, blister it with kisses, instead. It trembled within his grasp, and about the mouth of the owner a little white line was islanding, the redness of her lips. For a moment he thought he'd kneel before her, and ask her to give the pale prisoner entirely to him. It would be his hand then, and no one could blame him for not wishing to injure his own property. A thought struck him. He might strike his own hand instead of Anna's. He could shield her and take the blow himself. The idea was a rare one. He was in a mood for cracking every kunckle that he owned. He raised his ruler. Anna raised her eyes to his face. His fixed, determined expression startled her. She would bear his blow without starting, she thought, but oh! she would hate him, hate him! hate him! so long as she lived! As the thought passed through her mind, a gay, dashing-looking sleigh, drawn by a pair of fine horses, came rapidly up to the school-house door.

Lucky, lucky Mr. Stone, the rule fell harmlessly upon the fair rosy palm of Anna, as he turned his eyes toward the window, and exclaimed hurriedly:

"The committee, Miss Hawkes. You may take "The committee, Miss Hawkes. You may take "The committee, Miss Hawkes. You may take "The committee, Miss Hawkes."

ingly upon her features was gone. A provoking smile curied up her rosy mouth, and went with a sudden rush of triumph over her whole face, dilating her finely curved nostrils, and sweeping like very sunshine over the bine of her eyes, making such rare dimples about her chin, as one might have supposed to have been fitted by the cunning farefinger of Cupid himself.

Arthur Stone was vexed, but he was too much a man of the world to sillow the young girl to know how much she was capable of annoying him, and so, after the first finne of petty anger had died out from his cheeks and forehead, he said in a voice, the coolness of which surprised even himself:

"Can I be of assistance to you, Miss Hawkest"

"None, sir, thank you. I have quite conquered my exercises alone to-day."

Foolish fellow! The very coolness of his manor betrayed the secret which he strove to hide. There was little need of covers, if there was nothing to conceal. And as tixus that the foreuon slipped unpleasantly away, and the afternoon came in its stead. The teacher's rule so far was a good one. The school was remarkable for its quietude. If Anna Hawkes had not been present, Mr. Stone would have counted it a succes, but as it was, he was in a constant tremor of fear.

A raised hand in the neighborhood of her seat, and a timid application for assistance, was met with something like an nurresonable frown. In a hurried, nervons way, he proceeded to explain away the difficulty to the timid applicant, anxious tobe free from such dangerous surroundings.

Just as he was congrantating himself upon his success, and about turning away, a rapid whispered volley of words rattled past his ears. There was no avoiding it. He knew the source from whence they came, as well as did every scholar that heard them. He could not pass thoughtlessly along.

The dread alarm had came with such a sudden distinctness as to surprise him into an involuntary scholar that heard them. He could not pass thoughtlessly along.

The dread alarm had came with such a sudden distinctness

The dread alarm had came with such a sudden distinctness as to surprise him into an involuntary start. Every pair of eyes in the school-room were turned inquiringly and curiously to his face. He was forced into doing his daty. The heavy beard about his month was friendly to him then, for it covered a suspicious paller that settled there, as he turned about and rested his eyes sternly upon the blushing piquant face of Anna Hawkes. She was the picture of innocance just then, with her brown lashes drooping low upon her cheeks, and the pearly white teeth crushed cruelly down upon the crimson of her lips.

"Miss Hawkes, can you tell me who whispered a moment since!"

"Yes, sir." The white lids were thrown wide open, and the clear eye fixed frankly upon his own:

"Who!"

"Yes, sir." The white lids were thrown wide open, and the clear eye fixed frankly upon his own:

"Yes, sir." Eled the way out into the floor.

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"It does not admit of a question. Ferule merit." She commenced drawing a slender gold ring from her hand. "This hand!" she asked suddenly, looking up into his face.

"We have plenty of fime, Niss Hawkes; do pot burry." he said.

"It will not trouble you but a moment, only to say that I regret more than I am able to express that a scholar whom I have consendents to syntal the scholar whom I have consendents.

## Miscellany.

THE PIELDS IN MAY.

BY WILLIAM ALLINORAM.

What can better plane.

When your mind is well at case.

Than a walk among the green fields in May!

To see the verdure new,
And to hear the loud carchoo,
While sunshine makes the whole world gay:

When the butterfly so brightly
On his journey dances lightly.
And the bee goes by with business like hum;
When the fragrant breate and soft,
Stirs the shining clouds aloft.
And the children's hair, as laughingly they or

When the grass is fall of flowers, and the hedge is fall of flowers, and the flack and the flantel piping clear. Where the branches throw their shadows Os flowers through the meadows, ith a brook among the creases vanding near. Any pair of lovers walking On this footway in sweet talking, reveter silence, often linger and delay; For the path, not very wide, Brings them closer, aide by side, oving gratly through the happy fields of May:

Till they rest themselves awhile.
At the clm-o'ershadowed stile.
When stars begin to tremble in the blue,
Just to hear a nightingale.
Near our village in the vale.
To his sweetheart singing carols fond and tre

Evening wind and brooklet's flow Softly whisper as they go, very start throbs with tenderness above; Tender lips are sure to meet. Heart to heart must warnly bent. hear the carth is full and heaven is full of love.

Oh. I would the song I sing
Might to me a sweetheart bring.
For companion through the green fields of May!
She should nestle in my heart.
And we never more should part,
While the Summers and the Winters rolled away.

THE NEWBURYPORT GROST.

# n Old School-Honer Hannted by Daylight-Brooms and Dust-Brushes Dancing in the Entry, and a Bayleh Face Peering Into the Window-The Children Frightened and the Teacher Perpixxod.

Correspondence of the Boston Post.)

So far as has been heard from, Newburyport is ahead of the rest of the world in ghostly revelations. While in less favored places these shadowy visitations cling to the traditional hour of midnight, to make their earthly rovings, this ghost prances fearlessly about in mid day, confining its visits to a school-house where about fifty little urchins are busied in overcoming the difficulties of the primer and the more abstruse complexities of Sargent's First Reader. And it plays mad pranks enough to get the whole fifty by the ears, and the noise it makes would be sufficient to turn any well regulated school topsy-turvy with oxcitement. What whim induced it to choose this particular place for its ghostly segies no mortal can tell, not yet understanding spiritual ways, but no doubt it had a sufficient reason, if it would only condescend to impart it.

NOISES IN THE ATTIC.

as well as she could, assuming a calmuces she was far from feeling, and succeeded in quieting them and restoring the room to order. This appearance, of course, made a great excitement in the town, and the little school-room was besieged with visitors until it became necessary to forbid persons an entrance. The children recovered from their fright and now talk about the ghost as rather a good joke. It has been seen once or twice since then, and heard much oftener, but the children are so used to the noises that they do not mind them in the least, and are seldom distracted from Primer and First Reader, unless on some occasions the visitor becomes too noisily obsreperous, when it is necessary to humor him for a few moments by a cessation of lessons. The ventulator has been closed and the window covered, so that his appearance, unless in their very midst, is quite impossible, and as yet he has not ventured inside the school-room.

A GHOSTLY CARPENTER IN THE ATTIC.

A GHOSTLY CARPENTER IN THE ATTIC. His amusement at present seems to consist in turning the attic into a ghostly carpenter's shop, and he saws, hammers, and planes, whistling in the mean time to himself, but quite loud enough to be heard down stairs. When these demonstrations are at their height, Miss Perkins will go up tions are at their height. Miss Perkins will go up stairs, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by one or two pupils, but they found nothing but the dusty old attic, as quiet and as colwebby as old, unused attics usually are, nothing but the spiders that seem to have any life, and surely they cannot cause the terrible commotion, that is always stilled as soon as intruders appear. Nothing seems ever stirred from its place, and the most thorough search serves to reveal nothing. What it is nobody can say, although plenty are found to sneer at the whole thing, and to speak of it as the result of a discussed imagination. This theory, perhaps, might hold good were it only the teacher who heard and saw these things, but when forty or fifty children see and hear the same thing, the imagination can scarrely be the cause.

. IS THE TEACHER A MEDIUM?

cause.

IS THE TEACHER A MEDIUM?

The teacher, not withstanding her former skepticism, is convinced that it is all produced by supernatural agency, and believes that the apparation she saw was a veritable ghest. Whether she is a so-called medium or not, certainly the appearance never came to her anywhere except in the school-room; in other places she is free from all demonstrations of the kind. Probably a spiritualist would claim that she was highly "medinmistic," as they term it; very highly indeed, for it is to but very few that actual presences are seen out of a trance. Miss Perkins is a delicate-looking girl, rather pale, with a striking face, not so pretty as peculiar, the most attractive feature of which is the eyes. They are dark brown, with a sort of abstracted, faraway look, as though she were seeing out from beyond her actual surroundings. She is evidently a very impressionable girl, with an excitable nervous temperament. She speaks very quickly, showing her intense nervous force in her manner of speech. She disclaims any knowledge of the manifestations and their causes, and is utterly powerless to control them. She can neither will them to come or go, so they are entirely out of her mental power. They no longer frighten her, but she takes them as a matter of course. Her coolness has its influence over the children, and they are now as fearless as she. The school continues with the number of pupils undiminished, and although some days their visitor is noisier and more troublesome than others, yet the sessions continue, and the pupils advance well in their studies. Whether the mystery will ever be solved, and what its solution will be, just now it seems more of a mystery than ever and Newburyport is still exercised over its daylight ghost.

THE CHOST IN THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

A Springfield paper prints the following extract from a letter written by Miss Lucy A. Perkins, teacher at the haunted school house in Newbury-

And the control of th

Gallant some of worthy sires,
Whose become glow with pairiot fires,
Whom love of liberty inspires,
On to the reaces, On!
Your country calls you to her aid,
She hids you draw your bilds blade—
In hireling gold you are not paid
To fight for friends and home.

The Cuban heart base bribery spurms, From gold's seductive art it turns; 'Tis fired with country's love, and burns To eirits the tyrant down. Then to the front, and meet the fee! Deal doubt at such avenging blow! And let your base traducers know You're woo the victor's crown.

What if old Spain, in vengeful ire,
Breathes death, destruction, fiame and fire!
You'll force her minious to retire
Before your insity steel.
These tyrness, who your house defice
With clavery's carse, with all that's vile,
Who've plundered, robbed your lovely isle,
Now let your vengeance feel!

Spain has armies, pomp and might; But yon, though few, have God and right, To vindicate your came, and fight The buttles of the free! For what are fifty thousand slaves, Matched to one arm that danger braves, In freedom's cause, defends and saves The boon of liberty!

We see you bleeding, lonely stand, Defenders of your native land, Most noble spectacle and grand, Avagers of your dead! Of those who met the Iberian throng, (Proud in their might, in numbers at And died to crush despotic wrong, Which love of plunder led.

Heroic soms of old Hatney!
With Freedom for your battle-cry,
You swore to conquer it, or die
On Zara's bloody field.
Our ald has been too long denied.
And on yourselves you have relied
To win the fight, and force the prid
Of haughty Spain to yield.

TO THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

In observing the workings of the Granges of the Patrons of Husbandry and their influences upon the people, we can not refrain from making a few remarks, and charge them to be on their gnard. Now, while we think the farmers are moving on the grandest schemes the world ever knew, and fulfilling a God-given mission, we think there is room for improvement even in your order. From what we can learn of your order, it proposes to impress upon the farmer the mournful but long since patent truth that he has in the past been the pack horse for all other parties; that he has been the dape, the very scape goat of politicians, speculators and middle men of all descriptions; that through the lack of investigation on your part, you have remained ignorant of the fact that you had rights which, heretofore, you had never dared to maintain; and to this we say amen, and thank God that the farmers have at last made a move to burst the shackles which have bound them so securely in times past, and which were becoming more burdensome as time rolled on. Now, in talking with some of your order, we find they do not understand the true object of the society, or at least do not look at it in the same light we do, and to them we will direct our remarks, either as advice or to gain information on the subject, if we are not right. We, as we said before, look at it in this light: That the farmers propose to throw off this yoke which has been so burdensome, and assert their rights as men, and no longer be enslaved, as it were, by middle men, who harrass and bleed them on every side; free themselves of all extra expenses, and secure between prices for what they consume. We hold that it is a right and a noble cause, if carried on properly. But how are you going to do it? Are you going to do it by merely sending agents to Eastern markets and securing your articles of consumption at a more reasonable rate than you have been getting them? No, gentlemen, you can never reach the true cause of your present trouble or the end for which you are all worki

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY COL. J. W. PORNEY.

One Saturday afternoon in July, 1831, George H. Boker, now on his way as American Minister to Comstantinople, visited Washington City and called with me upon President Lincoln. Jewas a most interesting period of the war, just previous to the battle of Bull Run. When I presented Boker to the President, in his reception room, up stairs, he asked, "Are you the sou of Charles S. Boker, of Philadelphia!" Me friend answered, "That is what I am believed to be." "Well," said the President, "I was your father's lawyer in Springfield, and I only wish I had all the money I cellected and paid to him, for I would have a very handsome fortune." The Marine Band was playing on the green, south of the Presidential mansion, surrounded by a gay and glittering crowd. Mr. Lincoln Said: "The Rentucky commissioners are waiting for me on the balcomy beliew. They are here to protest against my sending troops through their State to the relief of the Unionists in Tennessee, and I would like you and Forney to come down and see them. They say they want Kentucky to decide her relations to the General Government for herself, and that any forces sent through their State to the Unionists of Tennessee would certainly arouse the elements of Frederick the Great, who was anxions to persuade the Emperor to take part in the British conflicts with other European powers. Old Fritz steadily refused to be involved. His policy was against all part in the quarrel. At a formal State dinner, when the British Minister was present, Frederick said: "Will my Lord Bristol"—the name of the British Minister was present, Frederick said: "Will my Lord Bristol"—the name of the British Will will be well and the protection of the friends of the Government—that while the citizens enjoyed his rights and the harder indignations and his duties. Then turning to Boker, he asked him to repeat the incident between Frederick the Great and the British Minister, which, though it made the Kentuckians laugh. was avidently not agreeable to them. Mr. Lincoln added: "Gentlemen, my pos